

**The Washington Times**  
Published Evening and Sunday at  
**THE MUNSEY BUILDING,**  
Penn. Ave., between 12th and 14th Sts.  
New York Office.....175 Fifth Ave.  
Chicago Office.....428 Marquette Building  
Boston Office.....Journal Building  
Daily, one year.....\$3.50  
Sunday, one year.....\$2.50  
**FRANK A. MUNSEY.**  
The Times is served in the city of Washington and District of Columbia by newsboys, who deliver and collect for the paper on their own account at the rate of 5 cents a week for the Evening and 5 cents a copy for the Sunday edition.  
Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1906.

**The Results.**

Theodore Roosevelt's hold on the American people is the most significant fact emphasized by the returns from yesterday's polling. He was not running anywhere, but he was running everywhere; and considering the handicap of not being on the ticket, he ran in quite his old-time form.

One year ago the President withheld the light of his countenance from the Republican organization in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and Republicans met defeat. This year he was not against the party in either State, and the party won in both. Last year Hearst polled the votes in New York to elect him mayor. This year he is defeated for governor, and there will not be serious dissent from the statement that the President's message through Secretary Root saved the day for his party.

Theodore Roosevelt will be the candidate of his party in 1908 unless he is irrevocable in his determination not to run.

William Jennings Bryan will be the Democratic nominee, just as probably; the New York vote points as surely to him, on the Democratic side, as it does to Mr. Roosevelt on the Republican.

The Republican party, so long as it numbers Roosevelt and prosperity among its assets, will have a balance at the bank of national confidence which Democracy will not be able to match. Bryan cannot defeat Roosevelt unless business conditions decidedly change. Enough is known of the President's legislative program to assure that he will not permit a halt in the work that is strengthening the party with the country.

Tariff revision has had a distinct backset. The new House will be of the same tariff complexion as the present one. Only the personal and insistent demand of the President could bring revision; and he will not make that demand till after the 1908 election.

Healthier political conditions will be promoted by the cutting down of the Republican majority in the House. It was too big and unwieldy; it gave too much power to a managerial coterie. The defeat of some House leaders who have earned public disapproval, and the great reduction of the majorities of some others, is a good sign. It proves that betterment is possible without revolution.

The results, State by State, are not everywhere encouraging to the general cause of better government. Massachusetts, by defeating Moran, and Rhode Island, by defeating the Republican machine, have made positive progress. Pennsylvania and Ohio have returned to their idols. Iowa may have been carried by the Democrats, with the unsought help of the railroads. New Jersey stays by Dryden, the Prudential, and the Public Service corporation.

**Tammany.**

Tammany comes out in fine shape; so does Charles F. Murphy. Perhaps this isn't matter of congratulation, but it is certainly true. On the one hand, Tammany saves the all-important local situation in New York city. It carried its judicial ticket, its Congressional ticket, its legislative ticket.

Richard Croker's call to the wild did not lead them away from Murphy. Murphy proved his leadership. He delivered the city to Hearst. Every borough of it was lined up. There can be no charge of disloyalty or knifing. Mr. Hearst was defeated on State, and in the "brownstone" districts of the city. The Republican organization can get little credit out of the result in New York. But Tammany did its share.

**To a Coal Company.**

In the heart of the apartment house section of Columbia Heights two alleys join so awkwardly that teams hauling heavy loads find it extremely hard to turn from one roadway into the other. All the coal for one of the human hives must follow that route; and a great deal of indignation has been smoldering in the flats that look down upon the alleys because of the suffering wreaked upon their horses by the drivers of the coal wagons.

Of course the difficulty has many

sides. The horses must strain from side to side without room enough to give the wagon a direct pull. The wagon has to be worked around like a steamer going up a shallow creek. The driver has to be a pilot. The trouble arises over the driver's part of the performance. He fails most of the time and he covers up his failure with great beating of his horses and greater profanity.

The good ladies of the apartment house have not yet objected to the swear-words. They have not had time. They have been boiling over too steadily with resentment for the drivers, and their hearts have ached too constantly with sympathy for the horses.

The coal business is run for the money there is in it. Drivers are bled to deliver goods, not to be kind to their horses. The dollar, not sentiment, is the thing the coal company is after. But if a rank outsider can offer a suggestion, there might be money in it for the coal company in this particular instance if it toned down its drivers a little. It is not that the S. F. P. C. A. may stroll by that alley-junction, not that at all. It is that there's advertising in it.

**The Metropolis.**

Put your hand in your pocket twice more for tips—according to the advices from New York. Chauffeurs and motormen have joined the crew of waiters, baggagemen, call boys, barbers, elevator boys, messengers, theater ushers, cab drivers, and general utility hold-up men who make Gotham the metropolis of America.

A strike, has brought about the disclosure as to the auto drivers. Heretofore there has been some doubt whether chauffeurs should be rated as coachmen or mechanics. They belong with the coachmen.

For their strike is not aimed at the transportation companies owning the automobiles, it seems, but at the public. The grievance is that the patrons do not "give up" to the drivers. What does it matter that the public is already "loosening up" to the men who own and let the cars? The chauffeurs do not get anything extra out of the high charges and so they strike. In theory, all the employing company has to do is to rest quietly with its hands on the steering gear; if the public is subjected to inconvenience enough it will shell out to the auto coachmen as it does to the waiters and the ushers.

The chauffeurs of the street cars do the thing more openly. Hold up a tip or the car goes by. That's all. 'Nough said. You can orate about it by the hour—on the need for keeping the cars moving, on the motorman's difficulty in watching the teams and the people who desire humbly to get aboard, on the strabismus which is so prevalent in New York—but at the end you will come to that ultimatum: Hold up a tip or the car goes by.

What a situation it is! What a reflection it is! Not in New York alone, but all over the country! In Europe the tip is the patron's actual payment for service. In America it is a whole lot more than that—it is his second over-payment for the service; and he doesn't get the service. Some day we will all awake to the utter contemptuousness of our milk-and-water submission to a hold-up like this, and when we do the muck-rakers will rub their eyes in wonder.

Mr. Hughes voted in a barber shop in the morning, and later in the day he had a close shave. Mr. Hearst voted at an undertaking establishment and later on—well, later on, we'll know whether he's in need of its services or not.

If the beef trust had any gratitude in the place where its heart ought to be, it would provide the monument over the political remains of the late James Wadsworth.

Among the things indorsed, simplified spelling will not be overlooked.

No campaign can be called a failure which has enriched the language with "plunderbund."

The defeat of Babcock suggests that La Follette still had a few shots in his locker for people who thought his ammunition exhausted.

Don't you recollect that you had a sort of sub-conscious feeling all the time that it was going to come out about that way?

New Jersey ought to be happy. It's assured of some more of Dryden, and Dryden is certainly Jersey's own kind of a Senator.

Looking at it from this distance, it seems fair to say that Root gets the bouquets and Croker the lemons.

The man who thought four to one "a good bet even if you lose" has new light on the subject today.

If the President tries to take all his indorsements along, the Louisiana will be entitled to a handicap allowance for weight.

In claiming that the Democrats would wipe out the Republican majority in the House, Mr. Griggs told just about a half truth.

Good evening, have you paid your freak bets yet?

**Denaturalized Editorials**

There has been some fear expressed that the Beef trust would corner turkeys this month. This is just what the farmers are planning to do, and every time they corner a turkey they will cut off its head.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "A locomotive whistles and an automobile honks. Balloons are getting to be so thick in the air that a new noise will have to be invented."

Why not have the balloons make a noise like a candidate? They are also full of hot air.

E. A. Schwartz, an eminent naturalist of the Smithsonian Institution, says rattlesnakes, cobras, and copperheads are harmless. Still, he would not mingle with the man who rocks the boat or the Nimrod who didn't know it was loaded.

According to manufacturers, when the pure food law is enforced canned vegetables and fruits will have an unnatural color. As all right; that is better than having an unnatural color on the face of the consumer.

**FATHER GOOSE**

See a pin and pick it up. All the day you'll have good luck; Especially you're going to win if it be a diamond pin.

**ON YESTER MORNING**

The heuchman, with greatest of ease, Upon the lone voter did seize And gave him a note In exchange for his vote. Which the voter could cast as he pleased.

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**Sidelights on People and Events That Make the News and History**

**AMERICAN DIVORCES AND FRENCH DUELS SIMILAR**

The Minneapolis Tribune, in an editorial, says French duels and some American divorces are caused by the fact that women commit the unpardonable sin of being found out. It declares:

What does come out is that the regiment of husbands all outraged by the exposure of the trial, and that Count Boni must answer a score of "Exhibit A," "Exhibit B," etc. but there are prying journals in Paris, and probably the names have been printed. The "Exhibit A," "Exhibit B," etc. but there are prying journals in Paris, and probably the names have been printed.

We believe the Government will assist in a movement of that kind, perhaps in the securing of the land and in the transportation of negroes. If the young men and women, as they come of age, could be transported to some such place, where they could be out of contact with the whites, and where a government something like that of Mexico could be established with a man like Booker Washington at the head, with every year's emigration the danger would grow less and less.

**"UNCLE JOE" DEFENDED AS A CLASSIC CUSSER**

"Uncle Joe" Cannon's language is always forceful, not to say picturesque. The Louisville Courier-Journal defends him in this way:

No one stands in such constant need of defense from his friends as the Speaker of the House. Here is the latest Joe Cannon uses to drive home his argument. But is Mr. Cannon merely profane or is he classical? His battle-cry, in the many Rhine-land of life, is not unlike "lay on Macduff, and damned be him that first cries hold, enough." Doubtless the Speaker knows what he is saying, and he is not using unparliamentary language now and again to arrest popular attention while he puts new life into an old truth, and perhaps the Recording Angel, considering the end rather than the means, omits to enter an entry in the open account of Joseph C. Cannon.

**NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE WANTED TO BE AMERICAN**

The new premier of France was once a prosperous New York physician, and wanted to be an American citizen. Why he did not is thus told by the Baltimore American:

M. Clemenceau, now in his sixty-ninth year, is a physician, and but for the Franco-Prussian war might have settled down to practice in this country. A couple of years before that struggle began in New York, in New York, where he had laid the foundation of a good practice. He had registered his intention to the sewage to the wells of pumps, the fall of Napoleon caused his return to France.

**NEW ORLEANS POSSESSES GOOD SEWERS AT LAST**

While the United States Government is doing a good work in giving Havana fine sanitation, New Orleans has just completed her sewerage system.

New Orleans has just put in use a modern sewerage system which will cost when completed \$24,000,000, and which has been in course of construction during the past eight years. It embraces an area of 1,000 acres, including the principal business section, and puts an end to many hidden menaces to the public health. The system carries the sewage to the wells of pumps, which lift it to the level of the Mississippi river and permit it to float away to the sea.

The slowness of the Louisiana metropolis in the installation of a sewerage system has been due to her location below the level of the Mississippi river. There could be no outflow by the force of gravity and therefore disposal of the refuse in the soil was continued until that method became a menace to the city's commercial development. Then the idea of running the sewage to convenient points and there discharging it into the Mississippi river took hold with winning strength, and although the new system has cost the people of the city a vast amount of money, they will never regret the undertaking which required the outlay.

**POE, JR.**

Hear the rattle of the balls, White moth balls, What a awful lot of ruin Each little one forestalls; How the chewing, chewing, chewing In the moth's mouth, Has thus proved the moth's undoing. Sent him other food pursuing. Since our furs were packed with care. So the time, time, time Bring now justification That we wrote a little rhyme To the balls, balls, balls, Of the balls, balls, balls, White moth balls!

**BRUTE! BRUTE! BRUTE!**

"I wouldn't have minded," she sobbed, "if my husband had answered me back with a scolding head, but-but he did something worse."

"Mercy, he struck you, then?"

"No-no-o, he yawned!"

**TIMELY TIPS.**

Don't lose your enthusiasm, it is the only thing that keeps your courage in place.

A fool and his money are indispensable.

Time flies when you have a fly time.

The older a man grows the more ashamed he gets of himself, while the older a woman grows the more she regrets.

A good excuse is better to be chosen than a great admission.

Things won't come your way unless you get in their way.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**ALAS, YES.**

Soon will budding poets sing in rap: That falls alike on palace and on hovel, But alas his frenzied fancies will fade In exchange for his vote.

When he works an hour each morning With the shovel.

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO HAVE AS FORERUNNER ACTIVE LUNCHEON CLUB?**

**COZY CORNER CONDUCTED BY AUNT DOTTY**

So many of my dear readers wander through the shopping districts without knowing where to go to buy certain articles—and without any intention of buying anything, anyway—that these few hints will help those who are too honest to help themselves:

An annihilatingly stunning duster of real tin and gully gill, is to be had in a dainty little shop on D street.

For \$1.5 a yard one may secure in a Georgetown store some very attractive silk which the proprietor has had in stock nine years. Exactly the same material in the uptown stores that advertise will cost you 38 cents a yard.

Some of the daintiest shades in corn places have just been received by a druggist within two hours' walk of the Avenue. They sell for 19 cents a box and you cannot get stuck on them.

In a shop on Louisiana avenue is a cute little coal hod with one ear missing which may be secured at a bargain, the shopkeeper reiterating his assurance of this.

There is a store on F street where one can purchase a ravishingly rapturous match safe of hammered brass for \$2.42.

Some lovely oatmeal may be secured at a little shop between Chevy Chase and Anacostia.

**NEED OF JOINT ACTION URGED.**

"Joint action of the several associations of the District is what is desired in any matter looking to the bringing together of the members of the several organizations. It may be the proper thing for the present to have only a merchants' luncheon club, but certainly it is to be hoped that the ultimate outcome of any movement looking to the bringing of the business men of the city together will be the formation of a strong organization of the business men of the city with a good club home and up-to-date appointments."

"The idea of the formation of a Chamber of Commerce is no new thought among the members of the Business Men's Association. For the past five years there has been always present a sentiment in favor of such a movement. According to correspondence between Mr. Woodworth, Clum, assistant secretary of the Jobbers and Shippers' Association, and myself, the Jobbers and Shippers' Association at a meeting of its board of directors held October 26, considered favorably the getting together of the business men of the city socially in a merchants' luncheon club, and appointed a committee of three to take the matter under consideration. The association also authorized the invitation to the other organization to join in this movement."

**Form Luncheon Club First.**

"As our committee of seven to consider the advisability of the formation of a Chamber of Commerce had already been authorized, we will in all probability at the meeting of our committee in the next few days appoint a subcommittee of three to confer with the committee of three from the Jobbers and Shippers' Association along the lines suggested, of merely for the present having a merchants' luncheon club. Ross P. Andrews is the chairman of the committee of three from the Jobbers and Shippers' Association."

**UNLIKE HER EXCEPT FOR HAIR**

In regard to the widely circulated story that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy had a substitute, Mrs. Pamela J. Leonard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., drove in Mrs. Eddy's carriage every afternoon to prevent the discovery of Mrs. Eddy's alleged illness, it is interesting to read the following story:

As if to dispose of the allegation that a member of her household had on many occasions impersonated her, Mrs. Eddy, or some member of her household caused to be present at the interview Mrs. Pamela J. Leonard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, it has been said, had been in the habit of driving in Mrs. Eddy's carriage. There was but one similarity noted and that was the abundance of snow-white hair which adorned the heads of both women.

Mrs. Eddy is about five feet four inches in height. Her complexion is clear, and frank, brown eyes look steadily at a person she is addressing. She weighs nearly 140 pounds and there is no facial resemblance between her and her leader.

**QUESTIONS SMITHSONIAN'S FAITHFULNESS TO FOUNDER**

Perhaps, the new secretary of the Smithsonian Institution—whether he be Sir William Ramsay or Prof. Fisher, of Yale—will be interested to know that Gustavus D. Hinrichs, of St. Louis, in a letter to Science questions how far the Smithsonian is true to the ideas of its illustrious founder.

Mr. Hinrichs says: "Under the successors of Joseph Henry, the Institution has gradually ceased to conform to the founder's intentions. Congress has been called upon to furnish money for the Institution, and Congress has responded most liberally. A new four-million-dollar building is now going up for the same, a zoological garden and an astrophysical observatory have been established; finally, the Institution has been placed under the management of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is not an officer of the nation, but elected as executive officer of the Smithsonian trust and paid exclusively from the Smithsonian fund."

"The costly national institutions have not given the nation such a return in scientific knowledge as the French Republic. The putting of all the work of many able men on the shoulders of one secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has necessarily crippled the national institutions, while it has equally necessarily made it impossible for that officer to give thought or time to the foundation of Smithsonian from the funds of which he drew his salary and to which he has twice in duty bound all his time and his entire energy. That both the Smithsonian and the national institutions have thus been crippled cannot be denied. It is especially in the sciences that the loss has been felt. The Smithsonian has been reduced to a mere museum of natural history, and the national institutions have been reduced to a mere museum of natural history."

**OLD MAIDS EARN PRAISE INSTEAD OF IDLE BLAME**

Out of the West came recently a preacher that neither old maids nor bachelors can expect to go to heaven. Out of the South comes now the declaration that old maids are the salt of the earth. The El Paso Times, chivalric and eloquent, says:

The wonder is that the "old maid" has not had her champions by the score and two. In all seriousness, before this late day she who often lingers at the old homestead taking care of the children left as a legacy by parents or by a brother or a sister, if there is any such, or perhaps in her young womanhood she gave her gentle, loyal heart to one whom she found unworthy of trust or too weak to control himself. She goes through life worshipping her ideal, her heart ever loyal to her prince she found too weak to trust.

The world never knows the "old maid's" heart, and it is a wise provision in the secrecy of nature. It is much too good and true to undergo the dissection of the material critics.

**MARIE CORELLI RECEIVES AN HUMBLE APOLOGY**

Marie Corelli is the subject of the following wise—or unwise—comment by Harper's Weekly:

Marie Corelli vindicates herself again. Apologies have just been made her by the Daily Mail, which quoted as a personal sentiment the following passage from her novel "Temporal Power": "I have never loved any man, because from my very childhood I have hated and feared all men."

"I loathe their presence, their looks, their voices, their manners—if one touches my hand in ordinary courtesy, my instincts are offended and revolted